"Why should you think it was Master Thirwall?"

"Ah! Hannah, you can't deny it. You dare not tell a lie," cried Harry.

"No, Master Harry, I dare not tell a lie, but I can hold my tongue," said Hannah, stoutly.

"Well, so you may, Hannah, but silence gives consent," said Harry.

"How do you know that it was Charlie Thirwall, Harry?" asked the doctor. "I will tell you, sir. I was busy helping a little boy with his sum to-day, when I saw Charlie put his hand quietly into my desk and take out something. I did not mind it at the time, for I thought it might be my pencil he was taking a loan of, and I knew he would be too proud to ask me for it; but as soon as school was over, he went away quickly, and when I looked into my desk, before locking it, I missed a little book that I keep memorandums in, and write my thoughts in sometimes. Well," added Harry, blushing, "I would not wish any one to have read my book, no one likes to have his secret thoughts read by another."